

THE
Royal Merchant:
OR,
BEGGARS-BUSH.
A
COMEDY.

ACTED at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane,

BY
Her Majesty's Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for H. N. and Sold by *William Keeble*, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhil*; *Thomas Atkinson*, at the *White Swan* in *St. Paul's Church Yard*; *John Ifted*, over against *St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet*; *Francis Faucet*, at the *Blue Anchor* in *Salisbury Exchange, Strand*; and *Richard Standjash*, in *Westminster-Hall*.

THE

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ACTED AT

THEATRE ROYAL IN DORSET-GARDENS

BY

JOHN WILKINS, ESQ.

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, Dorset-Gardens.
LONDON: 1714.

To the Honourable

Sir JOHN CRISP *Bar^r. &c.*

SIR,

THIS Royal Merchant, though a Foreigner born, being bred up in this famous Metropolis, London; humbly implores your Protection.

And to whom, indeed, could he more agreeably apply himself, than to a Person of your known Character in your great Station, so eminently distinguish'd by your Tender and Generous Respect to all Persons concern'd in Traffick and Commerce.

He was originally descended of such an Illustrious Family as might justly intitule him to the stile of Royal; and being exhibited to the World by the Celebrated Pens of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, his present Appearance will no less prove him to be the true and legitimate Off-spring of one of the greatest Families of Parnassus.

He never appear'd singly before in Print, but promiscuously only, amongst the rest of his Brethren and Sisters. But now presuming on your Patronage, and supported by you, whose
Name

THE DEDICATION.

Name alone is sufficient to Establish his Reputation, and make his Credit Currant, he boldly hoists Sail, not doubting in the least of a prosperous Voyage, especially being now full freighted and cleared from the Embargo's the Actors had formerly put on him on the Stage.

Thus condition'd, Sir, be pleas'd to receive him into your Favour, and pardon the Presumption, of this Application made to you, on his account, by

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

H. N.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Pinkeman, mounted on an Ass;
a long Whig on the Ass's Head.

YOU have seen (before now) since this shape shewing Age,
More Asses than mine, on a Beau-crouded Stage.
Wherefore, by th' example of sam'd Dogget, my Brother,
To shew our Stage has Asses on't as well as t' other,
Thus mounted I'm come, to invite ye oft hither,
To Beaumont and Fletcher thus coupled together.
My Fancy, his Judgment; my Person, his Face;
With the mighty Int'rest he has in this Place,
(For, indeed, as I'm told, pray let me not wrong ye)
My Ass has Relations, and great Ones among ye;

In

EPILOGUE.

*In the Galleries, Side-Boxes, on the Stage, in the Pit ;
What's your Critick ? Your Beau ? Your Keeper ? Your Wit ?*

*Your fighting-Afs is a Bully,
Your sneaking-Afs is a Cit,
Your keeping-Afs is a Cully,
But your top, prime Afs is your Wit:
They all fool-Cit of his Wife,
He fools them all of their Pelf ;
But your Wit's so damn'd an Afs,
HE only fools himself !*

*Writing one Play a Year, for a Wit he'd pass,
His lean Third Day makes out to him he's an Afs.
Be'nt I an Afs now, thus to mount my Brother ?
But he that's pleas'd with it too, is not he another ?
Since then so many Asses here abound,
Where an eternal Link of Wit goes round,
No Poet sure, will think it a Disgrace,
To be ally'd to this accomplish'd Afs,
For he's a Critick, you may read it in his Face.
As for his Courage, truly, I can't say much,
Yet he might serve for a Trooper among the Dutch :
Tho' of their side, I'm sure, he'd never fight,
His passive Obedience shews I'm in the right :*

*[Whips the Afs often, who, by reason of the innate
dulness of the Beast, never flinches for it.]*

*He's a Courtier fit to appear before a Queen ;
Advance Bucephalus, view but his jaunty Mein :
Ladies, I'm sure, you like his spruce Behaviour,
I ne'er knew ought but Asses in their favour.
Fair Ones, at what I say take no Offence !*

For——

*When his Degree, a Lover does commence,
You coin an Afs out of a Man of Sense.
Your Beaus that soften so your flinty Hearts,
They are Asses, Taylors make them Men of Parts.
Now, some have told me this might give Offence,
That Riding my Afs thus, is Riding th' Audience ;
But what of that ? The Brother Rides the Brother ;
The Son the Father ; we all Ride one another :
Then for a Jest, for this time let it pass,
And he that takes it ill, may kiss my Afs.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

Woolfort, *Usurper of the Earldom of Flanders*. ——— Mr. Williams,
 Gerrard, *falsely call'd Clause; King of the Beggars; Father-in-law to Florez*. ——— Mr. Keen,
 Hubert, *an honest Lord, a Friend to Gerrard and Florez*. ——— Mr. Mills,
 Florez, *the true Heir of Flanders, falsly call'd Goswin, a rich Merchant of Bruges*. ——— Mr. Wilks,
 Hemskirck, *a Captain under Woolfort the Usurper*. ——— Mr. Biggerstaff
 Van-dunck, *a Drunken Merchant, Friend to Gerrard, suppos'd Father to Bertha*. ——— Mr. Bullock,

Four Merchants of Bruges. }
 1 Mr. Carnaby.
 2 Mr. Phillips.
 3 Mr. Kent.
 4 Mr. Toms.

Higgen, }
 Prig, } *Three Knaveish Beggars.*
 Snap, }
 Ferret, }
 Ginks, } *Two Lords disguis'd under those Names of Gerrard's Party.*

Three Boors, }
 1 Mr. Sherman.
 2 Mr. Harris.
 3 Mr. Cross.

Soldiers, Servants, Saylor, &c.

Women.

Jacqueline, *Daughter to Gerrard, belov'd of Hubert*. ——— Mrs. Cox,
 Bertha, *call'd Gertrude, Daughter to the Duke of Brabant, Mistress to Florez*. ——— Mrs. Rogers
 Margaret, *Wife to Van-dunck*.

Scene Flanders.

(1)

THE
Royal MERCHANT:
OR,
Beggars Bush.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter a Merchant, and Herman.

Mer. **I**S he then taken?

Her. And brought back even now Sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No Man more lov'd,

Nor more deserv'd it, being the only Man
That durst be honest in this Court.

Mer. Indeed.

We have heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffer'd
A great change since the Countess's death.

Her. It hath, Sir.

Mer. My five Years absence hath kept me a stranger
So much to all the O currents of my Country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation
To make me understand the present Times.

Her. I must begin then with a War was made
And Seven Years, with all Continues
Upon our Heads, for the Duke of

2 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*
The Cause grew thus; During our Earl's minority,
Woolfort, (who now Usurps) was employ'd thither
To treat about a match, between our Earl
And the Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*; during which Treaty
The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was
Stolen from his Court by Practice of our State,
Tho' we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought Quatrel
To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,
It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaim'd,
Our Earl, being then a Child, altho' his Father
Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
Chosen by the Countess's favour; for her Husband,
And but a Gentleman, and *Floriz* holding
His Right unto this Country from his Mother,
The State thought fit in this Defensive War,
Woolfort being then the only Man of Mark,
To make him General.

Mer. Which place we have heard
He did discharge with Honour.

Her. I, so long,
And with so blest successes, that the *Brabander*
Was forc't (his Treasures wasted, and the Choice
Of his best Men of Arms tyr'd, or cut off)
To leave the Field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his Country; but so broken both
In Mind and Means, er'e to make head again,
That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
Not daring, or for Honour, or Revenge,
Again to tempt his Fortune. But this Victory
More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
In *Flanders*, than the greatest overthrow
She ever receiv'd: For *Woolfort*, now beholding
Himself, and Actions in the flattering Glass
Of Self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
The strong Assurance of his Power, for then
All Captains of the Army were his Creatures,
The Common Soldier too at his Devotion,

And his strength too well known,
Could effect, soon put to practice,
The hood of th

BEGGARS BUSH.

And their Improvidence, that might have pierc'd
The heart of his Designs, gave him occasion
To sieze the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whether, Sir, I am going,
For there last Night I had a Ship put in,
And my Horse waits me.

[Exit.

Her. I wish you a good Journey.

Enter Woolfort, Hubert.

Wool. What, *Hubert* stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?
It was more then I Commanded; take your Sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand,
I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On mine own Bosom, e'er it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wool. Would you leave me
Without a farwel, *Hubert*? Fly, a Friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you;
What have I ev'r possessed which was not yours?
Or, rather did not court you to Command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any Grace,
Reward or Trust from me, but his approaches
Were, by your fair reports of him, prefer'd?
And what is more, I made my self your Servant,
In making you the Master of those Secrets
Which not the rack of Conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt mercy, trust my Prayers with;
Yet, after these Assurances of Love,
These ties and bonds of Friendship, to forsake me,
Forsake me as an Enemy; come you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.

Wool. All leave the Room, you have your Will, sit down
And use the liberty of our first Friendship.

4 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

Hub. Friendship! when you prov'd Traitor first, that vanish'd,
Nor do I owe you any thought, but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And, so I may make you first understand
What a strange Monster you have made your self,
I welcom it.

Wool. To me, this is strange language.

Hub. To you! Why, what are you?

Wool. Your Prince and Master,
The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper Title!
Rais'd to it by Cunning, Circumvention, Force,
Blood, and Proscriptions.

Wool. And in all this Wisdom,
Had I not reason? When by *Gerrard's* Plots
I should have first been call'd to a strict account,
How, and which way I had consum'd that Mass
Of Money, as they term it, in the War,
Who underhand, had by his Ministers
Detraacted my great Actions, made my Faith
And Loyalty so suspected: In which failing,
He sought my Life by Practice.

Hub. With what fore-head,
Do you speak this to me? who (as I know't)
Must, and will say 'tis false,

Wool. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bid me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which, I now say, you shall: not a sound more, [*Snatches*
For I, that am contemner of mine own, [*this Sword*.
Am Master of your Life; then here's a Sword
Between you, and all aids, Sir; though you blind
The credulous Beast, the Multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me

Wool. How? gross Untruths.

Hub. I, and it is favourable Language;
They had been, in a mean Man, Lies, and foul ones.

Wool. You take strange License.

Hub. Yes, were not those Rumours
Of being call'd unto your Answers, spread
By your own followers; and weak *Gerrard* wrought
(But by your cunning practise) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal Course of Law,

But

BEGGARS BUSH.

But first to be made sure, and have your Crimes
Laid open after, which your Queint-train taking,
You fled unto the Camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent Life, and that,
Since you had scap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by Treason ; and for Proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger,
Some, that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths, they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged Soldier
Seeing no further then the outward Man,
Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made Resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought friends to *Gerrard*,
Vowing the like to him.

Wool. Will you yet end ?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl,
Forsook the City ; and by secret Ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their Fury : Though 'tis more then fear'd
They fell among the rest ; nor stood you there
To let us only Mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your Cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As, if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of Mischief ; do not stop your Ears,
More are behind yet.

Wool. O repeat them not.
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You should have thought,
That Hell would be your Punishment when you did them.
A Prince in nothing but your princely Lusts,
And boundless Rapines.

Wool. No more, I beseech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of House or Land, that stood
Within the Prospect of your covetous Eye ?

Wool. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Then e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus
The general Grief, now to my private wrong ;
The loss of *Gerrard's* daughter *Jaqueline* :

The

The hop'd for Partner of my lawful Bed,
 Your cruelty hath frighted from mine Arms;
 And her, I now was wandering to recover.
 Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
 When you are grown so justly odious,
 That ev'n my stay here, with your Grace and Favour,
 Makes my life irksome? Here, surely take it,
 And do me but this fruit of all your Friendship,
 That I may dye by you, and not your Hangman.

Wool. Oh, *Hubert*, these your Words and Reasons have
 As well drawn drops of Blood from my griev'd heart,
 As these Tears from mine Eyes; [Weeps]

Despise them not
 By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*,
 You now have made me sensible, what Furies,
 Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors a bad Man
 Do's ever bear about him! Let the Good
 That you this Day have done, be ever numbred
 The first of your best Actions;

Can you think,
 Where *Floriz* is, or *Gerrard*, or your Love,
 Or any else, or all that are proserib'd?
 I will resign, what I Usurp, or have
 Unjustly forc'd; the Days I have to Live
 Are too too few to make them satisfaction
 With any penitence; yet I vow to practise
 All of a Man

Hub. O, that your Heart and Tongue
 Did not now differ!

Wool. By my Griefs they do not;
 Take the good Pains to search them out; 'tis worth it.
 You have made clean a Leper, trust me you have,
 And made me once more fit for the Society,
 I hope, of good Men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
 My aptness to believe.

Wool. Suspect not you
 A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow,
 Make your own Safeties; ask them all the Ties
 Humanity can give, *Hemskirck* too shall

Along

BEGGARS BUSH.

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Along with you to this so wish'd Discovery,
And, in my Name, profess all that you promise,
And I will give you this help to't : I have
Of late received certain Intelligence,
That some of them are in, or about *Bruges*
To be found out, which I did then Interpret,
The cause of that Towns standing out against me ;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their Safety, and me Peace.

Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it. *Ex.*

Scene II.

Enter Three Merchants.

1. *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.

2. *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general Oath;
And not a Man hazard his Credit in it :
He bears himself with such a Confidence
As if he were the Master of the Sea,
And not a wind upon the Sailers Compass,
But from one part or other, was his Factor,
To bring him in the best Commodities,
Merchant e'er ventur'd for :

1. *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

2. *Mer.* And yet ;

This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire : He's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a Bottom, but his Bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.

3. *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good Man.

2. *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the best that traffick ;
But this is nothing, a great Stock, and Fortune,

Crowning

8 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings -
May keep him upright that way : But that Wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it,
Or Youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant Temper ; for his outward habit
'Tis suitable to his present course of Life :
His Table furnish'd well, but not with Dainties
That please the Appetite only for their rareness,
Or the dear price: Nor given to Wine or Women,
Beyond his Health, or warrant of a Man,
I mean a good one: And so loves his state
He will not hazard it at play ; nor lend
Upon the Assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a Challenge second the denial
From such as make th' Opinion of their Valour
Their means of feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows this,
Makes many Venturers with him, in their wishes,
For his Prosperity : For when Desert
Or Reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble Mind and ready Hand Contend
Which can add most to his free Curtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed to make them so.
Is there a Virgin of good Fame wants Dowre?
He is a Father to her ; or a Soldier
That in his Countries Service, from the War
Hath brought him only scars, and want? His House
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good Uses, and he Steward of it.
But I should loose my self to speak him further
And stale in my Relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From *Bruges*, be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This Report
I do assure you will not hasten it,
Nor would I wish a better Man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your Man and ours, only I wish

His

BEGGARS BUSH.

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His too much forwardness to embrace all Bargains
Suck him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident; here he comes.

Enter Florez, and the fourth Merchant.

Flor. I take it at your own Rates: Your Wine of Cyprus,
But for your Candy Sugars, they have met
With such foul Weather, and are priz'd so high
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another Chap-man: Make me offer
Of something near my price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Flor. I both can, and will,
But not with too much Loss; your Bill of Lading
Speaks of two hundred Chests, valu'd by you
At thirty thousand Guilders. I will have them
At twenty eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap.——

Flo. Why, look you; I'll deal fairly, there's in Prison,
And at your suit, a Pyrat, but-unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a Week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: Set him free,
And you shall have your Money to a Stiver,
And present Payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
These water-Thieves, should be a means to save 'em,
It more importing you, for your own safety,
To be at charge to scour the Sea of them,
Then stay the Sword of Justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Flo. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any Man;

I was lately with him, (having first, from others
 True Testimony been assured, a Man
 Of more desert never put from the shore)
 I read his Letters of Mart from this State granted
 For the recovery of such Losses, as
 He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
 Not at three Tun of Wine, Bisket, or Beef,
 Which his necessity made him take from you.
 If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
 Or thrown your men o'r-board, than he deserv'd
 The Laws extreamest rigour: But since want
 Of what he could not live without, compeld him
 To that he did (which yet our State calls death.)
 I pitty his misfortunes; and to work you
 To some compassion of them, I come up
 To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;
 If not, seek else where, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, Sir, for your love, I will once be lead;
 To change my purpose.

Flo. For your profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his discharge,
 Till when, I leave you.

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a Deed of noble pitty: guided
 By a strong Judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you Master *Goswin*.

Flo. Good day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
 Of more Commodities.

Flo. Are you the Owners
 Of the Ship that last Night put into the Harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the Ship, and Lading.

Flo. What's the Freight?

1 *Mer.* *Indico*, *Quinchineel*, choice *China* Stuffs.

2 *Mer.* And Cloath of Gold brought from *Camball*.

Flo. Rich Lading,

For which I were your Chapman, but I am
 Already out of Cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day
 For the moiety of all.

Flo. How long?

2 *Mer.* Six months.

BEGGARS BUSH.

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Flo. 'Tis a fair offer: Which (if we agree
About the prizes) I, with thanks accept of,
And will make present Payment of the rest;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1. Mer. The Gunner shall speak you welcome.

Flo. I'll not fail.

3. Mer. Good morrow.

Exit March.

Flo. Heaven grant my Ships a safe return, before
The day of this great Payment: As they are
Expected three months sooner: And my credit
Stands good with all the World.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master.
The prayers of your poor Beads-man ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Flo. God a-mercy *Clause*,
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter.
To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.

Flo. I thrive the better for thy Prayers.

Ger. I hope so.

This three Years have I fed upon your Bounties,
And by the fire of your blest Charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your Alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.

Flo. What is't *Clause*?

Ger. Yet do not think me impudent, I beseech you,
Since hitherto your Charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 'tis not for Money,
Nor Cloaths (good Master) but your good Word for me.

Flo. That thou shalt have, *Clause*, for I think thee honest.

Ger. To-morrow then (dear Mr.) take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush*,
And as you see me, among others (Brethren
In my Affliction) when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Flo. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O much, Sir,

'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me,

From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my Age; Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Flo. 'Troth thou mak'st me wonder;
Have you a King and Common-wealth among you?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Flo. Ambition among Beggars?

Ger. Many great ones

Would part with half their States, to have the Place,
And credit to beg in the first file, Master:
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my Petition?

Flo. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it;
I will be early there.

Ger. Heaven bless my Master.

Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. Scene I.

Scene. Beggars Bush in the middle of a Wood.

*Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clause, Jaculine, Snap, Gynks,
and other Beggars.*

Hig. **C**OME Princes of the Ragged Regiment,
You 'o the Blood, *Prig* my most upright Lord,
And thele (what Name and Title, e're they bear)
Jarkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdugon*,
Prater, or *Abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the Title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the Command adjoining.
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in rank,
That the first Commer, may at his first view
Make a free choice, to say up the Question.

Fer. Pr. 'Tis done, Lord *Higgen*.

Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prig*, Prince *Ferret*.

Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen
Ye'ar like to have a merciful mild Prince of me.

Prig. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant,
If e're I come to reign; therefore look to't,
Except you do provide me Hum enough
And Lour to bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings in'th Season; fine fat Chickens,
Or if you chance where an eye of tame Phefants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or strait I seize on all your Privileges,
Places, Revenues, Offices, as forfeit,
Call in your Crutches, wooden Legs, false Bellies,
Forc'd Eyes and Teeth, with your dead Arms; not leave you
A dirty Clout to beg with o'r your heads,
Or an old Rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimstone and Rozen, Birdlime, Blood and Cream,

To

14 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

To make you an old Sore; not so much Sope
As you may sorne with i'th Falling-sickness;
The very Bag you bear, and the brown Dish
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest Dells too
I will deflowr, and take your dearest Doxies
From your warm sides; and then some one cold Night
I'll watch you what old Barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th musty Hay. [*Ginks,*

Hig. This is Tyrant-like, indeed: But what would
Or *Clause* be here, if either of them should Raign?

Ger. Best ask an Ass, if he were made a Camel,
What he would be; or a Dog, an he were a Lion.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A Begger, still, I am sure, find my self there.

Enter Florez.

Snap. O, here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Flo. What aile you, Sirs? What means this Out-cry?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor Souls met: God's fools, good Master,
Have had some little variance amongst our selves
Who should be honestest of us; and which lives
Uprightest in his Calling: Now, 'cause we thought
We ne're should gree on't our selves, because
Indeed, 'tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd, to put it (*ship,*
To whom that should come next, and that's your Master-
Who, I hope, will termine it as your Mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it; which?
Which does your Worship think is he? sweet Master
Look over us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the Seven Wise Masters, or the Planets.

Flo. I should judge this the Man with the grave Beard,
And if he be not——

Ger. Bless you, good Master, bless you. (*you*

Flo. I would he were; there's something too, amongst
To keep you all honest. (*Exit.*

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him, (*hour.*

May he never want it, to comfort still the poor, in a good

Fer. What is't? See: *Snap* has got it.

Snap.

Snap. A good Crown, marry :

Prig. A Crown of Gold

Fer. For our new King: Good luck.

Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't be Gold,
Thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*——

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause,*
After this Golden Token of a Crown ;
Where's Orator *Higgen* with his gratuling Speech now,
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more :
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all: expect now——

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause,*
Our King and Sovereign ; Monarch o'th Maunders.
Thus we throw up our Nap-cheats, first for joy, [*throw up*
And then our filches; last, we clap our fables, [*their Caps*
Three subject signes, we do it without envy : [*and Crutches,*
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen. [*and clap their*
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em: All will say so, [*Hands.*
Nay swear't: 'Tis for the King, but let that pass ;
When last in conference at the bouzing Ken
This other day we fate about our dead Prince
Of famous memory : (rest, go with his rags:)
And that I saw thee at the tables end,
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift the other like a Scepter at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be King
And now thou art so: But what need presage,
To us, that might have read it, in thy Beard, [*Stroking his*
As well, as he that chose thee? By that Beard. [*Beard.*
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty.
O happy Beard! but happier Prince, whose Beard,
Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush,*
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

Om. Excellent, excellent Orator, forward, good *Higgen,*
Give him leave to spit; the fine, well-spoken *Higgen.*

Hig. This is the Beard, the Bush, or Bushy-beard,
 Under whole gold and silver raign 'twas said
 So many Ages since, we all should smile
 No Impositions, Taxes, Grievances,
 Knots in a State, and Whips unto a Subject.
 Lie lurking in this Beard, but all kem'd out:
 If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
 That owes the Beard? A Father; no, a Grandfather;
 Nay, the great Grand-father of you his People.
 He will not force away your Hens, your Bacon,
 When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor rake from you
 The fattest of your Puddings: Under him
 Each Man shall eat his own stoln Eggs, and Butter,
 In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
 His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night
 In his own Straw, with his own Shirt, or Sheer,
 That he hath filch'd that day, I, and possess
 What he can purchase, back, or belly-cheats
 To his own prop: he will have no purveyers
 For Pigs, and Poultry.

Ger. That we must have, my learned Orator,
 It is our will, and every Man to keep
 In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?
 You must hereafter maund on your own pads, he says.

Ger. And what they get there, is their own, besides
 To give good Words.

Hig. Do you mark? To cut bene Whids,
 That is the second Law.

Ger. And keep-a-foot
 The humble, and the common Phrase of Begging,
 Lest Men discover us.

Hig. Yes; and cry sometimes,
 To move compassion: Sir, there is a Table;
 That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em;
 Be perfect in their Crutches; their fain'd Plaisters,
 And their true Pass-ports, with the ways to stammer,
 And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame,
 There, all the halting-paces are set down,
 Tth learned Language.

Ger. Thither I refer them,
 Those, you at leisure shall interpret to them,

We love no heaps of Laws, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince ! 'save, save the good K. Clause.

Hig. A Song to Crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Sn. The Word ?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis.

The SONG.

Cast our Caps and Cares away ; this is Beggars Holi-day,
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever dance and Sing.
In the World look out and see ; where so happy a Prince as he ;
Where the Nation lives so free, and so merry as do we ;
Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our Ease and Rest ; to the Field we are not Prest ;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magistrate too, by ;
When the Subsidies encrease, we are not a penny Ceast ;
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a Straw.
All which happinefs he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert and Hemskirke.

Snap. A Cove, Fumbumbis.

Prig. To your Postures ; Arm.

Hub. Yonder's the Town : I see it.

Hem. There's our Danger.

Indeed afore us, if our Shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships.

Fer. One small piece of Money

Prig. Amongst us all poor Wretches.

Ger. Blind, and Lamè.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pittiful Worships.

Snap. One little Doyt.

Enter Jaculine.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you ?

Ger. To buy a little Bread.

18 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prig. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good Masters, & remember seven,
Seven Blessings.

Fer. Remember, gentle Worships.

Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly Sins,

Prig. And seven Sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a Charity this three days. [*aside.*]

Hub. There's amongst you all?

Fer. Heaven reward you.

Prig. Lord reward you?

Hig. The Prince of pity bless yee.

Hub. Do I see? Or, is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha! 'tis her face; come hither Maid.

Jac. What, ha' you

Bells for my Squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun Meat,
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a Butter-fly,
And I'll love you again; when? Can you tell?
Peace, we go a Birding; I shall have a fine thing.

Hub. Her voice too says the same; but for my Head
I would not that her Manners were so chang'd,
Hear me thou honest fellow; what's this Maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? Nothing but Signs?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. 'Tis strange,

I would fain have it her, but not her thus. [*Sir.*]

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude-dumb,

Hub. Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n now me thought;
Do'st thou know this same Maid?

Sn. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods Fool,
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the Barn yonder,
By-be-be-be-be Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush;
Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match; so was her Mo-
mo-mo-Mothers too-too.

Hub. I understand no Word He says; how long
Has she been here? [*go-go-go-good luck.*]

Sn. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigted; and she ha'

Hub.

BEGGARS BUSH.

19

Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another Face too, that I mark'd
O' the old Mans: but they are vanish'd all
Most sodainly: I will come here again,
Oh, that I were so happy, as to find it
What I yet hope it is?

Hem. What mean you, Sir,
To stay there with that stamrer?

Hub. Farewell, Friend——
It will be worth return, to search; Come,
Protect us our Disguise now, pre'thee *Hemskirk*
If we be taken, how do'st thou imagine
This Town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out, against *Woolfort*?

Hem. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their Walls a Sunning, to make Crows Meat.
If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,
And had a pretty 'xcuse, to see a Niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the Ports; good luck, and enter *Exeunt*.

Scene II.

BRUGES.

Enter Floriz.

Flo. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other Parts,
Do all my Agents sleep? That nothing comes?
There's a Conspiracy of Winds, and Servants;
If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What shall I think unless the Seas, and Sands
Had swallow'd up my Ships? Or, Fire had spoil'd
My Ware-houses? Or, death devour'd my Factors,
I must ha' had some Returns.

Enter Merchants.

1. *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.

Flo. 'Save you.

D 2

1. *Mer.*

1. *Mer.* No News yet 'o your Ships?

Flo. Not any yet, Sir.

1. *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

Flo. 'Tis true Sir: What a voice was here now?

This was one passing Bell, a thousand Ravens
Sung in that Man now, to presage my Ruins.

2. *Mer. Goswin,* good day, these Winds are very constant.

Flo. They are so, Sir; to hurt—

2. *Mer.* Ha' you had no Letters

Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Flo. Neither.

2. *Mer.* This Wind brings them; nor no News over Land,
Through *Spain*, from the *Streights*?

Flo. Not any,

2. *Mer.* I am sorry, Sir.

Flo. They talk me down: And as 'tis said of Vultures
They scent a Feild Fought, and do smell the Carkasses
By many hundred miles; So do these, my VVracks
At greater distances; why thy will heaven
Come on, and be; yet if thou please, preserve me;
But in my own adventure, here at home,
Of my chaste Love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in Scale against all ill Fortunes:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks with less than that, that ruins all.

Exit.

Scene III.

Van-dunck's House.

Enter. Van-dunck, Hubert, Hemskirck and Mar-
garet. Boores.

Van. Captain, you are welcome; so is this your Friend:
Most safely welcome, though our Town stand out
Against your Master, you shall find good Quarter:
The troth is, we not love him; *Meg.* some Wine.
Let's talk a little Treason, if we can
Talk Treason gain the Traitors; by your leave, Gentlemen
We here in *Bruges* think he do's usurp,
And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub.

BEGGARS BUSH.

21

Hub. Sir, your boldness
Happely becomes your Mouth, but not our Ears,
While we are his Servants ; and as we come here,
Not to ask Questions, walk forth on your Walls ;
Visit your Courts of Guard, view your Munition,
Ask of your Corn-Provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as Spies upon your strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in Passage or Discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our Honesties hear,
And that shall Seal our welcom.

Van. Good ; let's drink then,

Meg ; fill out, I keep mine old Pearl still, Captain.

Mar. I hang fast, Man.

Hem. Old Jewels, commend their Keeper, Sir.

Van. Here's to you with a heart, my Captain's Friend,
With a good heart, and if this make us speak
Bold Words, anon ; 'tis all under the Rose,
Forgotten ; drown all Memory, when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble *Burgomaster*,
I'll do you right.

Hem. Nay, Sir, mine Heer *Van dunck*,
Is a true Statesman.

(*Woolfort*)

Van. Fill my Captain's Cup there, & that your Master
Had been an honest Man.

Hub. Sir ?

Van. Under the Rose.

Hem. Here's to you *Marget*.

Mar. Welcome, welcom, Captain.

Van. Well said, my Pearl still.

Hem. And how does my Niece ?
Almost a Woman, I think ? This Friend of mine,
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her : She was my Errand.

Van. I, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his Glass)
That in seven Years, could not find leizure——

Hem. No,
It's not so much.

Van. I'll bate you nev'r an hour on't,
It was before the *Brabander* gan his War,

For

For Moon-shine—i'th Water there, his Daughter
That never was lost; yet you could not find time
To see a Kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, Sir,
Now you are come: you ask if she were a Woman?
She is a Woman, Sir; fetch her forth *Margee*. *Exit Marg.*
And a fine Woman, and has Suitors.

Hem. How?

What Suitors are they?

Van. Batchelors; Young Burghers.

And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants,
We call him here, in *Bruges*.

Hem. How? A Merchant?

I thought *Van-dunck*, you had understood me better,
And my Nice too, so trusted to you by me:
Than t' admit of such in name of Suitors.

Van. Such? he is such a such, as were she mine
I'd give him thirty thousand Crowns with her.

Hem. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. *Exit.*

Van. Why, give's some Wine, then; This will fit us all:
Here's to you still, my Captain's Friend: All our:
And still, would *Woolfort* were an honest man,
Under the Rose, I speak it: but this Merchant
Is a brave Boy: He lives so, in the Town here,
We know not what to think on him: At sometimes
We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's stretch
Tenter his Credit; so embraces all,
And too't, the Winds have been contrary, long.
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a King, and are half sure on't.
Your Master is a Traytor, for all this
Under the Rose, here's to you, and usurps
The Earldom from a better man.

Hub. I marry, Sir.

Where is that Man?

Van. Nay, soft: And I could tell you
'Tis ten to-one I would not: Here's my hand,
I love not *Woolfort*; Sit you still, with that:
Here comes my Captain again, and his fine Niece,
And there's my Merchant: View him well, fill Wine here.

Enter

Enter Hemskirke, Bertha, and Florez.

Hem. You must not only know me for your Uncle,
Now, but obey me; you, go cast your self
Away, upon a Dunghil here? A Merchant?
A petty Fellow, one that makes this Trade
With Oaths and Perjuries?

Flo. What is that you say, Sir?
If it be me you speak of; as your Eye
Seems to direct: I wish you would speak to me, Sir.

Hem. Sir, I do say, she is no Merchandize,
Will that suffice you?

Flo. Merchandize, good Sir,
Though ye be Kinsman to her: Take no leave thence
To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your Nicce above all price.

Hem. And do so still, Sir,
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are worth:

Flo. You do not know, what a Gentleman's worth, Sir,
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, Merchant.

Van. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hem. A Gentleman?
What, o' the Wool-pack? Or the Sugar-chest;
Or Lifts of Velvet? Which is't? Pound or Yard,
You vent your Gentry by?

Hub. O Hemskirke, fy.

Van. Come, do not mind him, drink, he is no Woolfort,
Captain, I advise you.

Hem. Alas, my pretty-man.
I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the Blood
Of Charlemaigne, as't may (for ought I know)
Be some good Botchers's Issue, here in Bruges.

Flo. How?

Hem. Nay; I'm not certain of that; of this, I am,
If it once Buy or Sell, its Gentry is gone.

Flo. Ha, ha:

Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.

24 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

Flo. No, now 'tis pittie
Of your poor Argument. Do not you, the Lords
Of Land (if you be any) sell the Grasse,
The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheese:

Van. And Butter:
Remember Butter; do not leave out Butter. [stor'd with]

Flo. The Beefs and Muttons that your grounds are
Swine, with the very mast, beside the Woods?

Hem. No, for those sordid uses, we have Tenants,
Or else our Bayliffs.

Flo. Have not we, Sir, Chap-men,
And Factors, then to answer these? your errour-
Fetch'd from the Heralds *A B C.* and said over
With your Court-faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake my self. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their Practise, and your Priests their Prayers?
What is not bought and sold? The Company
That you had last, what had you for't, Captain?

Hem. You now grow sawcy.

Flo. Sure I have been so, but I must use it.
Still, with my honest Liberty, and must use it.

Hem. Upon your Equals, then.

Flo. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my Equal.

Hem. Do you hear? No more.

Flo. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside; then after, as you please.
You appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine Eyes; and I have heard your Scorns
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my Milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young,
Or cast despights on my Profession
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good Man bears a contumely worse
Then he would do an Injury. Proceed not
To my Offence; Wrong is not still successful,
Indeed it is not: I would approach your Kins-woman
With all respect, done to your self and her.

Hem. Away Companion; handling her? Take that.

Flo.

Flo. Nay, I do love no Blows, Sir, there's exchange.

Hub. Hold, Sir. (Strikes him.)

Mar. O murther.

Ber. Help, my *Goswin*.

Van. Let 'em alone; my life for one.

Flo. Nay, come (Disarms him)

If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you, I, Sir.

Flo. He that had, thank himself: Not hand her: yes, Sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her through all her race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,
And all their Nephews, though they stood a wood
Of Pikes, and VVall of Cannon: kiss me *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kiss me.

Van-d. Kiss him, Girl, I bid you;
My Merchant royal; fear no Uncles: Hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are we not in *Bruges*?
Under the Rose here?

Flo. In this Circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a Tower of Brass;
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Van. I, that's good,
Let *Woolfort* look to that.

Flo. Sir, here she stands,
Your Niecc, and my beloved. One of these Titles
She must apply to; if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voice, or other Art, shall force her,
Had *Hercules* a Hand in't: Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profess it.

Van. Do; and I drink to it.

Flo. Prethee, say so, Love.

Ber. 'Twould take away the Honour from my blushes:
Do not you play the Tyrant, sweet; they speak it.

Hem. I thank you, Niece.

Flo. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your Sword within.

Hem. You insult too much
With your good Fortune, Sir. Exit *Flores* and *Mar.*

E

Hub.

26 The Royal MERCHANT: Or,

Hub. A brave clear Spirit ;
Hemskirk, you were to blame ; a civil Habit
 Oft covers a good Man ; and you may meet him
 In person of a Merchant, with a Soul
 As resolute, as free, and all ways worthy,
 As esse in any file of Mankind : Pray you,
 What meant you so to slight him ?

Hem. 'Tis done now,
 Ask no more of it ; I must suffer. *Exit Hemskirk.*

Hub. This
 Is still the punishment of Rashness, sorrow ;
 Well ; I must to the Woods, for nothing here
 Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn
 Somewhat to help my Enquiries further.

Van. Ho ? *(Drunk.)*
 A Looking-Glass ?

Hub. How now, brave Burgo-Master ?

Van. I love no Woolforts, and my name's Vandanck,

Hub. Van-drunk it's rather : Come, go sleep within.

Van. Earl Florez is right Heir, and this same Woolfort
 Under the Rose I speak it.

Hub. Very hardly.

Van-d. Usurpes ; and a rank Traitor, as ever breath'd,
 And all that do uphold him. Let me go,
 No Man shall hold me, that upholds him ?
 Do you uphold him ?

Hub. No.

Van. Then hold me up. *Exeunt.*

Enter Florez and Hemskirk.

Hem. Sir, I presume, you have a Sword of your own,
 That can so handle anothers.

Flo. Faith, you may, Sir. *(of you)*

He. And ye have made me have so much better thoughts
 As I am bound to call you forth.

Flo. For what, Sir ?

Hem. To the repairing of mine Honour, and hurt here.

Flo. Express your way.

Hem. By fight, and speedily.

Flo. You have your Will : Require you any more ?

Hem. That you be secret ; and come single.

Flo. I will.

Hem.

Hem. As you are the Gentleman you would be thought.

Flo. Without that Conjurat[i]on; and I'll bring
Only my Sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take his Length within.

Hem. Your place now, Sir?

Flo. By the Sand-hills.

Hem. Sir, nearer to the Woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.

Flo. There, then,

Hem. Good.

Your Time?

Flo. 'Twixt Seven and Eight.

Hem. You'll give me, Sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my Niece,
If you come, like your promise.

Flo. If I do not

Let no Man think to call me Unworthy first,

I'll do't my self; and justly wish to want her. — *Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. Scene I.

A Drinking-House.

Enter three or four Boors.

1. B **C**ome, *English-Beer* Hostess, *English-Beer* bi'th Belly;
 2. B **C** Start Beer Boy, stout and strong Beer; so, sit down
 And drink me upsey-Dutch (Lads,
 Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen like a Sow-gelder, singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, ho,
 My Horn goes too high too low, too high too low.
 Have ye any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,
 Have ye any Lambs in your holts.
 To cut for the Stone
 Here comes a cunning One.
 Have you any Braches to spade,
 Or e're a fair-maid
 That would be a Nun,
 Come kiss me, 'tis done.
 Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
 Too high too low, too high too low.

1 B. O excellent! two-pence a piece, boys, two-pence a piece.
 Give the Boys some Drink there. Piper, wet you whistle.
 Can't tell me a way now, how to cut off my Wive's Con-
 Hig. I'll sing ye a Song for't. (cupiscence?)

The SONG.

T	Ake her, and hug her,		Then if she mumble,
And turn her and tug her.		Or if her Tail tumble,	
And turn her again, boy, again,		Kiss her amain, boy, amain.	

Do

Do thy endeavour,	Give her warm Jelly
To take off her Fever, (raign.	To take up her belly,
Then her disease no longer will	And once a day swinge her ag ain
If nothing will serve her,	If she stand all these pains
Then thus to preserve her,	Then knock out her brains,
Swinge her amain, boy, amain.	Her disease no longer will reign.

1 Bo. More, more Excellent, sweet Sow-gelder.

2 Bo. Three-pence a piece, three-pence a piece.

Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was Gelded.

3 Bo. I, I, Lets hear the Devil Roar, Sow-gelder.

1 Bo. Groats a piece, Groats a piece, Groats a piece,
There sweet Sow-gelder.

Enter Prig. and Ferret.

Prig. Will ye see any Feats of Activity,
Some Slight of Hand, Leigerdemain? hey pass,
Presto, begon there?

2. Bo. Sit down Jugler.

(neer Piper:

Prig. Sirha, play you your Art well [to Ferret.]; draw
Look you, my honest Friends, you see my hands;
Plain-dealing is no Divel; lend me some Money;
Twelve-pence a piece will serve.

1. 2. B. There, there.

Prig. I thank you, (puts it up.)
Thank ye heartily; when shall I pay ye?

All B. Ha, ha, ha, by th mafs this was a fine Trick.

Prig. A merry slight toy; but now I'll shew your Wor-
A Trick, indeed. (ships

Hig. Mark him well now, my Masters.

Prig. Here are three Balls,
These Balls shall be three Bullets,
One two, and three; *ascentibus malentibus.*

Presto, be gone; they are vanish'd; fair play, Gentlemen;
Now these three, like three Bullets, from your three Noses
Will I pluck presently; fear not, no harm, Boys,
Titere, tu patule.

(pulls 'em by the Nose, while
Ferret picks their Pockets.)

1 B. Oh, oh, oh.

Prig. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 B. Ye pull too hard; ye pull too Hard.

Prig. Stand fair, then;

Silver-

Silver-tram-trim-tram.

3 B. Hold, hold, hold.

Prig. Come aloft, Bullets three, with a whim-wham;
Have you their Mony?

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 B. Oh, rare Jugler.

2 B. Oh, admirable Jugler,

Prig. One Trick more yet;

Hey, come aloft; *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*

East, West, North, South, now fly like Jack with a *bumbis*.

Now all your Money's gone; pray, search your Pockets.

1 B. Humh.

2 B. He,

3 B. The Divel a penny's here,

Prig. This was a rare Trick.

1 B. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prig. I'll do ye that too; look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your Eyes from this place,
This Button here; pow, whir, whifs, shake your Pockets.

1 B. By 'th mass 'tis here again, Boys.

Prig. Rest ye merry;

My first Trick has paid me.

All B. I, take it, take it,

And take some Drink too.

Prig. Not a drop now, I thank you;
Away, we are discover'd else.

Exit.

*Enter Gerrard, like a blind Aquaviva-man, and a Boy
Singing the Song.*

B Ring out your Cony-skins, fair Maids to me,

And held 'em fair that I may see;

Grey, black, and blew; for your smaller Skins,

I'll give ye Looking-Glasses, Pins.

And for your whole Coney, here's ready ready Money.

Come gentle Jone, do thou begin

With thy black, black, black Cony-skin.

And Mary then, and Jane will follow,

With their Silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow.

The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,

For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the Eye,

The

BEGGARS BUSH.

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*The grey it is warm, but yet for my Money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney.
Come away fair Maids, your skins will decay :
Come, and take money Maids, put your Ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony skins,
I have fine Brace-lets, and fine Silver Pins.*

Ger. Buy any Brandy-wine, buy any Brandy-wine ?

Boy. Have you any Cony-skins.

2. B. My fine Canary-birds, there's a Cake for thy Worship,

*1. B. Come fill, fill, fill, fill, suddenly ; Let's see, Sir,
What's this ?*

Ger. A penny, Sir,

*1. B. Fill till't be Six-pence,
And there's my Pig.*

Boy. This is a Counter, Sir,

*1. B. A Counter ! stay ye, what are these then ?
O execrable Jugler ! O damn'd Jugler !*

Look in your Breeches, ho : this comes of looking forward.

*3. B. Divel a Dunkirk ! what a Rogue's this Jugler,
This hey passe, repasse, h'as repast us sweetly.*

2. B. Do ye call these Tricks.

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold or Silver. [Copper.

2. B. This fellow comes to mock us ; Gold or Silver ; cry

*1. B. Yes, my good Friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.*

Hig. 'Tis well, Sir,

You have the less to care for ; Gold and Silver. (Exit

Enter Prig.

(Cloaks to Sell Exit.

Prig. Have ye any Cloaks to Sell, have ye any old

1. B. Cloaks ! look about ye, Boys ; mine's gone.

2. B. A—— Juggle 'em ?

—— o' their Prestoes ; mine's gone too.

3. B. Here's mine yet.

1. B. Come, come, let's drink, then ; more Brandy-wine.

Boy. Here, Sir.

(Strip him ;

*1. B. If e're I catch your Sow-Gelder, by this Hand I'll
Were*

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Were ever Fools so Ferkt; we have two Cloaks ycr,
And all our Caps; the Divel take the flincher.

All B. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

(Drunk.)

Enter Hemskirk.

Hem. Good de'n my honest Fellows,
You are merry here, I see.

3 B. 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hem. VVhat hast thou? Brandy?

Boy. Yes.

Hem. Fill out, then,
And give these honest Fellows round.

All B. VVe thank ye.

Hem. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All B. Yes, Sir.

Hem. I have a business for you, honest Friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you Crowns.

Ger. Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, Boy.

1 B. VVhat is't, Sir?

If it be any thing to purchase Money,
Which is our Want, Command us.

Boors. All, all all, Sir.

Hem. You know the young spruce Merchant in *Bruges*.

2 B. Who, Master *Goswin*?

Hem. That, he owes me Money,
And here in Town there is no stirring of him.

Ger. Say ye so?

Hem. This day, upon a sure Appointment,
He meets me a Mile, by the Chase side
Under the row of Oaks, do you know it?

All B. Yes, Sir.

Hem. Give 'em more drink; there if you dare but venture
When I shall give the Word to feize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.

3 Bo. Beware the Jugler.

Hem. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 Bo. I warrant you wee'l hamper him.

Hem. To discharge you,
I have a Warrant here about me.

3 Bo.

3 Bo. Here's our VVarrant,
This carries fire i'the Tail.

Hem. Away with me then,
The time draws on.

I must remove so insolent a Suitor,
And if he be so Rich, make him pay Ransom
E're he see *Bruges* Towers again; thus wise Men
Repair the hurts they take by a Disgrace
And piece the Lyon's Skin with the Fox's Case.

Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet. (Boys,

Hem. There's for thy Drink; come pay the House within,
And lose no time.

Ger. Away with all our hast too.

Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter Florez.

Flo. No Wind blow fair yet? No return of Moneys?
Letters? nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why, then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably.
My Credit I was built on, sinking with me.
Thou boistrous North-wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And frosting all my Hopes to Cakes of Coldness,
Yet stay thy fury; give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those Sails that bring me Safety,
And you auspicious fires, bright Twins in Heaven
Dance on the shrowds: he blows still, stubbornly,
And on his boystrous rack rides my sad ruin;
There is no help, there can be now no comfort,
To morrow with the Sun-set sets my Credit.
Oh misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
In the midst all our strength thou strik'st us;
My vertuous Love is rold too: all, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen then shadow:
To prison now? well, yet there's this hope left me,
I may sink fairly under this days venture
And so to morrow's cross'd, and all those curses:
Yet manly I'll envite my fate, base fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my throat in fear.

This is the place his challenge call'd me too,
 And was a happy one at this time for me,
 For let me fall before my foe i' the field,
 And not a Bar, before my Creditors.
 Ha's kept his word: now Sir, your Sword's tongue only
 Loud as you dare, all other language——

Enter Hemskirk.

Hem. Well, Sir,
 You shall not be long troubled, draw.

Flo. 'Tis done, Sir,
 And now have at ye.

Hem. Now.

Enter Boors.

Flo. Betray'd to Villains?
 Slaves ye shall buy me bravely,
 And thou base Coward.

Enter Gerrard, and Beggars, Disguis'd.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
 Conjure 'em soundly, Boys.

Boors. Hold, hold:

Ger. Lay on, still,
 Down with that Gentleman Rogue, swinge him to Sirrup:
 Retire, Sir, and take breath; follow, and take him,
 Take all, 'tis lawful Prize.

Boors. We yield.

Ger. Down with 'em
 Into the Wood, and Riffle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em,
 Knock me their Brains into their Breeches.

Exeunt.

Boors. Hold, hold.

Flo. What these Men are I know not, nor for what Cause
 They shou'd thus thrust themselves into my danger,
 Can I Imagine. But sure Heaven's Hand was in't:
 Nor why this Coward, knave, should deal so basely
 To Eat me up with Slaves; but Heaven, I thank thee,
 I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
 Fit for thy Creature, and worthy of thine Honour:
 Would all my other dangers here had suffer'd,
 With what a joyful Heart should I go home, then?

Where

Where now, Heaven knows, like him that waits his Sentence,
Or hears his Passing-Bell ; but there's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you, Master.

Flo. Thank ye ; leave me,
For, by my troth, I have nothing now to give thee.

Ger. Indeed I do not ask, Sir, only it grieves me
To see ye look so sad ; now goodness keep ye
From troubles in your Mind.

Flo. If I were troubled
What could thy comfort do ? prethee, *Clause*, leave me.

Ger. Good Master be not angry ; for what I say
Is out of true love to ye.

Flo. I know thou lov'st me.

Ger. Good Mr. blame that love then, if I prove so sawcy
To ask ye why ye are sad.

Flo. Most true, I am so,
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.

Ger. Heaven Shield it, Sir.

Flo. Faith thou must lose thy Master.

Ger. I had rather lose my Neck, Sir ; would I knew—

Flo. What would the knowledge do thee good, so miserable,
Thou can'st not help thy self ? When all my Ways,
Nor all the Friends I have——

Ger. You do not know, Sir,
What I can do ; Cures sometimes, for Men's Cares,
Flow, where they least expect them.

Flo. I know thou would'st do,
But fare-well *Clause*, and pray for thy poor Master.

Ger. I will not leave ye.

Flo. How !

Ger. I dare not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I must not leave ye.
By what ye hold most precious, by Heaven's Goodness,
As your fair Youth may prosper, good Sir, tell me :
My Mind believes yet something's in my Power
May ease you of this trouble.

Flo. I will tell thee,
For a hundred thousand Crowns upon my Credit,
Taken up of Merchants to supply my Trafficks,

The Winds and Weather caving of my Fortune;
And no return to help me off, yet shewing;
To-morrow, *Clause*, to-morrow, which must come
In *Spron*, thou shalt find me poor, and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your Grief, Sir.

Flo. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger. I say you should not shrink, for he that gave ye, *Can*
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off, Sir,
When Friends and all forsake ye, yet he fees you.

Flo. That's all my Hope.

Ger. Hope still, Sir, are you ty'd
Within the compass of a Day, good Master,
To pay this Mass of Money?

Flo. Ev'n to-morrow;

But why do I stand mocking of my Misery?
It's not enough the Floods, and Friends forget me?

Ger. Will no less serve?

Flo. What if it would?

Ger. Your patience;

I do not ask to mock ye: 'Tis a great Sum,
A Sum for mighty Men to start, and stick at;
But not for honest: Have ye no Friends left ye,
None that have felt your Bounty? V Vorth this Duty?

Flo. Duty? Thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a Duty,

And as a Duty, from those Men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily Alms these seven Years you have show'd on me,
Will half supply your want.

Flo. Why do'st thou fool me?

Can'st thou work Miracles?

Ger. To save my Master,
I can work this.

Flo. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

Ger. For doing good?

Flo. What power hast thou?

Ger. Enquire not:

So I can do it, to preserve my Master;

Nay, if it be three parts.

Flo. O, that I had it,

But good, *Clause*, talk no more, I feel thy Charity,

As thou hast felt mine: But alas!

Ger. Distrust not,

'Tis that that quenches ye: Pull up your Spirit,

Your good, your honest, and your noble Spirit;

For if the Fortunes of ten thousand People

Can save ye, rest assur'd: You have forgot, Sir,

The good ye did, which was the power ye gave me;

Ye shall now know the King of Beggar's Treasure:

And let the Winds blow as they please, the Seas roar,

Yet, here to Morrow, ye shall find your Harbour.

Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.

Flo. How fain I would believe thee.

Ger. If I lye, Master,

Believe no Man hereafter.

Flo. I will try thee,

But he knows, that knows all.

Ger. Know me to morrow,

And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;

So pass in peace, my best, my worthiest Master. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Hubert, like a Hunts-man.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguis'd from *Hemskirk*

To try these People, for my heart yet tells me,

Some of these Beggars, are the Men I look for.

Appearing like my self, they have no reason

(Tho' my Intent is fair, my main end honest)

But to avoid me narrowly, that face too,

That Woman's face, how near it is: & may it

But prove the same, and fortune how I'll bless thee;

Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,

If to my habit I but change my nature,

As I must do; this is the Wood they live in,

A place fit for concealment; where, 'till fortune

Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. *Exit.*

Enter Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Ginks, with the Boores.

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice:

Give to each one a Cudgel, a good Cudgel;

And

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And now attend your sentence. That you are Rogues,
And mischievous base Rascals, (there's the point now)
I take it, is confess'd.

Prig. Deny it if you dare, Knaves.

Boores. We are Rogues, Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then, Rogues as ye are,
And lamb'd, ye shall be ere we leave ye.

Boores. Yes, Sir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our Justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper Person
Of our good Master? Were you drunk when you did it?

Boores. Yes, indeed, were we.

Prig. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for Want you undertook it?

Boores. Yes, Sir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prig. And yet for all that,

You shall be poor Rogues still.

Hig. Has not the Gentleman,
Pray mark this point, Brother *Prig*, that noble Gentleman
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By imploying some at Sea, some here, some there,
According to your Callings?

Boores. 'Tis most true, Sir.

Hig. Is not the Man, an honest Man?

Boores. Yes, truly.

Hig. A liberal Gentleman? And as you are true Rascals
Tell me this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his Charge?

Boores. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point then,
They have cast themselves, Brother *Prig*.

Prig. A shrew'd point, Brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the Cause is open,
I am somewhat weary.

Prig. Can you do these things?
You most abominable stinking Rascals,
You turnip-eating Rogues.

Boores. We are truly sorry.

Prig. Knock at your hearts, Rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction,

Every

BEGGARS BUSH

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Every Man up with's Cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such Alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
For there your sentence lies; without partiality,
Either of Head, or Hide, Rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else:
You shall know your Doom. [*Here the Boors beat*

Hig. One, two, and three about it. *one another.*]

Prig. That Fellow in the blue, has true compunction,
He beats his Fellows bravely; oh, well struck Boys.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue Breech, now plays he the Diver,
So get ye home, drink small Beer, and be honest;
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do bring him presently;
His Cause I'll hear my self.

Enter Hemskirck.

Hig. Prig. With all due Reverence,
We do resign, Sir.

Ger. Now huffing, Sir, what's your Name?

Hem. What's that to you, Sir?

Ger. It shall be ere we part.

Hem. My Name is Hemskirck,

I follow the Earl, which you shall seek.

Ger. No Threatning,

For we shall cool you, Sir; why did'st thou basely
Attempt the murder of the Merchant Goswin?

Hem. What power hast thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,

Or flea thee till thy pain discover it.

Hem. He did me wrong, bale wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye,

Who sent ye hither? And what further Villanies
Have ye in hand?

Hem. Why would'st thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, could rise

Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?

Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make amends, fool:
I'll talk no further to thee; nor these Rascals.

Ger. Tye him to that Tree.

Hem.

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Hem. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The Devil you should do, by your Villanies.
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

Hig. I undertake it; turn him to the Sun, boys;
Give me a fine sharp ruff, will ye confess yet?

Hem. Ye have rob'd me already, now you'l murder me.

Hig. Murder your Nose a little; does your head purge, Sir?
To it again, twill do ye good.

Hem. Oh, I cannot tell you any thing,

Ger. Proceed then.

Hig. There's Maggots in your Nose, I'll fetch 'em out, Sir.

Hem. Oh! my head breaks.

Hig. The best thing for the Rhume, Sir,
That falls into your Worships Eyes.

Hem. Hold, hold.

Ger. Speak then,

Hem. I know not what.

Hig. It lies in's Brain yet.
In lumps it lies, I'll fetch it out the finest;

What pretty Faces the Fool makes? heigh!

Hem. Hold,

Hold, and I'll tell ye all, look in my Doublet;

And there within the Lining in a Paper,

You shall find all.

Ger. Go fetch that Paper hither,

And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good ev'n my honest Friends.

Ger. Good ev'n good Fellow.

Hub. May a poor Huntsman, with a merry Heart,

A Voice shall make the Forrest ring about him,

Get leave to live amongst ye? True as Steel, Boys?

That knows all Chases, and can watch all Hours,

And with my Quarter-Staff, though the Devil bid stand,

Deal such an Alms, shall make him roar again?

Prick ye the fearful Hare through crofs ways, Sheep walks

And force the crafty Reinard climb the Quik-sets;

Rouse ye the lofly Stag, and with my Bel-horn,

Ring him a Knell, that all the Woods shall mourn him,

Till

'Till in his Funeral Tears, he fall before me ?
The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*,
I know to Chase, the *Roe*, the Wind out-stripping;
Hgrim himself, in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the Bay, and the wild *Sounder*
Single, and with my arm'd Staff, turn the Boar,
Spight of his somy Tushes, and thus strike him ;
'Till he fall down my Feast.

Ger. A goodly Fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thou here, ha? (aside.)

Ger. We accept thy Fellowship.

Hub. *Hemskirck*, thou art not right, I fear, I fear thee.
(aside.)

Enter Ferret, a Letter.

Fer. Here is the Paper ; and as he said we found it.

Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am
To find your Knavery ; you are sent here, *Sirrah*,
To discover certain Gentlemen, a Spy-knave,
And if you find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by Poyson to dispatch 'em.

Hub. By Poyson, ha?

Ger. Here is another, *Hubert*?

What is that *Hubert*, Sir?

Hem. You may perceive, there.

Ger. I may perceive a Villany, and a rank one,
Was he joyn'd Partner of thy knavery?

Hem. No.

He had an honest end, would I had had so,
Which makes him scape such Cut-throats.

Ger. So it seems.

For here thou art Commanded, when that *Hubert*
Has done his best and worthiest Service, this way,
To cut his Throat, for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. I am glad we have found ye,
Is not this true?

Hem. Yes? What are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive, Sir, e're you get your Freedom:
Take him aside, and Friend, we take thee to us,
Into our Company, thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. I, and Obedient too?

Hub.

42 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our Hand; thou art now a Servant to us,
Welcom him all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off; I'll do it,
We bid yee welcome three ways; first for your Person,
Which is a promising Person; next for your Quality,
Which is a decent, and a Gentle Quality;
Last for the frequent means you have to feed us,
You can Steal, 'tis to be presum'd.

Hub. Yes, Ven'son,
Or, if I want——

Hig. 'Tis well, you understand right,
And shall learn daily; you can drink too?

Hub. Soundly.

Hig. And ye dare know a Woman from a Weather-cock?

Hub. Yes, if I handle her.

Ger. Now swear him.

Hig. You are welcome, Brother. (keeping

All. Welcom, welcom, welcom, but who shall have the
Of this Fellow?

Hub. Thank ye, Friends,
And I beseech ye, if you dare but trust me;
For I have kept wild Dogs and Beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame, too; give into my custody
This roaring Rascal, I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and I fear me
Discover yet a further Villany in him;
Oh! he smells Rank 'oth' Rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape——

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.
Room, Sir, I'll rye ye to my Leash.

Hem. Away Rascal.

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge you soundly,
And ye play Tricks with me.

Ger. Now swear him.

Hig. I crown thy Nab, with a Gag of Benbouse,
And stall thee by the Salmon into the Clows,
To mand on the Pad, and strike all the Cheats;
To mill from the Ruffmans, Commission and Slates,
Twang dell's, i' the stromell, and let the Quire Cuffin:
And Herman Beck strine and trine to the Ruffin.

Ger.

Ger. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy Pate a Pot of good Ale,
And by the Rogues Oath a Rogue thee install:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the Hedge, both the Shirts and the Sheets:
And lye with thy Wench in the Straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Divil go hang.

Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an Eye, Sir, to your Prisoner.

Hub. He must blind both mine Eyes, if he get from me.

Ger. Go get some Victuals, and some drink, some good drink
For this Day wee'l keep Holly to good Fortune,
Come, and be frolick with us.

Hig. Ye are a Stranger.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Enter Floriz and Bercha.

Ber. Indeed, yae'r welcom: I have heard your Scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you;
(Truly and darely loves ye) give her joy leave,
To bid ye welcome: What 'ist makes you sad, Man:
Why do you look so wild? Is 't I offend ye?
Be shrew my Heart, not willingly.

Flo. No. *Fertred.*

Ber. Is 't the delay of that ye' long have look'd for,
A happy Marriage? Now I come to urge it.
Now, when ye please finish it.

Flo. No News yet?

(*aside.*)

Ber. Do you hear, Sir?

Flo. Yes.

Ber. Do you love me?

Flo. Have I liv'd,

In all the Happiness Fortune could seat me,

In all Men's fair Opinions?

(*aside.*)

Ber. I have provided
A Priest, that's ready for us.

Flo. And can the Divil,

In one ten Days, that Divil chance devour me?

(*aside.*)

Ber. Wee'l fly to what place you please.

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Flo. No Star prosperous

All at a swoop? (*aside.*)

Ber. You do not love me, *Goswin.*

You will not look upon me?

Flo. Can Mens Prayers

Shot up to Heaven, with such a Zeal as mine are,

Fall back like lazy Mists, and never prosper?

Fetters, I must wear, and Cold must be my comfort;

Darkness, and want of Mear; alas, she weeps too,

Which is the top of all my Sorrows, *Fertred.*

Ber. No, no, you will not know me; my poor Beauty
Which has been worth your Eyes.

Flo. The time grows on full,
And like a tumbling Wave, I see my ruin

Come rolling over me. (*aside.*)

Ber. Yet will ye know me?

Flo. For a hundred thousand Crowns. (*aside.*)

Ber. Yet will ye love me;

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your flighting.

Flo. For a hundred thousand Crowns? (*aside.*)

Ber. Farewel Dissembler.

Flo. Of which I have scarce ten: *o* how it starts me. (*aside.*)

Ber. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin—

Flo. I had forgot my self, *o* my best *Gertred*,
Crown of my Joys and Comforts.

Ber. Sweet, what ail ye?
I thought you had been vext with me.

Flo. My mind, Wench,
My mind over-flow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.

Ber. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your Sorrows,

As your Delights? You love no other Woman?

Flo. No, I protest.

Ber. You have no Ships lost lately?

Flo. None that I know of.

Ber. I hope you have spilt no Blood; whose Innocence
May lay thus on your Conscience.

Flo. Clear, by Heaven.

Ber. Why should ye be thus then?

Flo. Good *Fertred*, ask not,
Ev'n by the love you bear me.

Ber. I am obedient.

Flo.

Flo. Go in, my Fair; I will not be long after ye,
Nor long I fear, me with thee: At my return
Despoise me as you please.

Ber. The good Gods guide ye. *Exit,*

Flo. Now for my self which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for Man's worst fortune, pitty. *Exit.*

ACT IV. Scene I.

Enter Floriz, and four Merchants.

Flo. **W**Hy, Gentlemen, 'tis but a week more I entreat you,
But seven short days, I am not running from ye,
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my Adventures fail; you have Ships abroad,
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather:
I am sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested
Ye are all fair Merchants.

1. *Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play;
There is no living here else, one hours failing
Fails us of all our Friends, of all our Credits:
For my part I would stay; but my Wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.

Flo. No mercy in ye?

2. *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others mercy:
Keep your self right, and even cut your Cloth, Sir,
According to your Calling: You have liv'd here
In Lord-like prodigality; high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis: The liberal spending
The summer of your Youth, which you should glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of
Has brought this bitter stormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry.

3. *Mer.* Alas, before your poverty,
We were no Men, of no Mark, no endeavour;
You stood alone, took up all Trade, all Business
Running through your Hands, scarce a Sail at Sea

But

46 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

But loaden with your Goods ; we poor weak Pedlers,
When by your leave, and much-intreaty to it,
We could have stoage for a little Cloath,
Or, a few Wines, put off and thank your Worship,
Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye ? Now I hope, Sir,
We shall have Sea-room.

Flo. Is my Misery,

Become my scorn too ? Have ye no Humanity,
No part of Men left ? Ate all the Bounties in me
To you, and to the Town ; turn'd my Reproaches ?

Mer. Well, get your Money's ready : 'Tis but 2 hours,
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.

Flo. But two Days.

Mer. Not an hour, ye know the hazard. *Exit.*

Flo. How soon my light's put out : Hard hearted *Bruges* ;
Within thy Walls, may never honest Merchant
Venture his Fortunes more : O, my poor Wench too ;

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good Fortune, Master.

Flo. Thou mistak'st me, *Clause*,
I am not worth thy Blessing.

Ger. Still a sad Man ?

Enter Higgen, and Prigg. like Porters.

No belief, gentle Master, come, bring it then,
And now believe your Beadsman.

Flo. Is this certain ?

Or do'st thou work upon my troubled sence ?

Ger. 'Tis Gold, Sir,
Take it and try it.

Flo. Certainly 'tis Treasure,
Can there be yet this Blessing ?

Ger. Cease your wonder,
You shall not sink, for nev'r a sowst Flap-dragon :
For ne're a pickell'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir,
'Tis there, your full Sum, a hundred thousand Crowns,
And good sweet Master, now be merry ; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no goodness :
And chear your Heart up handsomely.

Flo. Good *Clause*,
How cam'st thou by this mighty Sum ? If naughtily

I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Fear not: You have it by as honest Means
As though your Father gave it: Sir, you know not
To what a mass, the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven Years; we beg it for Heaven's Charity,
And to the same good, we are bound to render it.

Flo. What great Security?

Ger. Away with that, Sir,
Were not ye more then all the Men in *Bruges*;
And all the Money in my Thoughts——

Flo. But good *Clause*,
I may die presently.

Ger. Then this dies with ye:
Pay when you can, good Master, I'll no Parchments,
Only this Charity I shall intreat ye,
Leave me this Ring.

Flo. Alas, it is too poor, *Clause*.

Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this with all, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor Petition.

Flo. There I confess it,
And may my Faith forsake me when I shun it.

Ger. Away, your time draws on. Take up the Money
And follow this young Gentleman.

Flo. Farewell, *Clause*,
And may thy honest memory live ever.

Ger. Heaven bless ye, and still keep ye, farewell, Master.
Exeant.

Scene II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lockt my Youth up close enough for Gad-
In an old Tree, and set watch over him. (ding

Enter Jaculine.

Now for my Love, for sure this Wench must be she,
She follows me; Come hither, pretty Minche.

Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'deed law?

How

48 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

How will you kiss me, pray you?

Hub. Thus, soft as my lovers Lips.

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your Father's Name?

Jac. He's gone to Heaven?

Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer,

My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles, O love:

O, how my Heart melts in me; how thou fir'st me;

Hub. 'Tis certain she; pray let me see your Hand, sweet.

Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.

Hub. Sure I should know that *Gymmall*;

Jac. 'Tis certain he; I had forgot my Ring too.

O, *Hubert*, *Hubert*.

Hub. Ha, me thought she nam'd me——

Do you know me, Chick?

Jac. No, indeed, I never saw ye

But methinks you kiss finely.

Hub. Kiss again, then,

By Heaven 'tis she.

Jac. O what a joy he brings me.

Hub. You are not *Minche*?

Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman,

And I must be married to Morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Must ye my sweet, and does the Capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me Pye, and look in my Eyes thus:

'Tis he; 'tis my dear Love; O blest fortune.

Hub. How fain she would conceal her self: yet shew it,
Will ye love me, and leave that Man? I'll serve ye.

Jac. O, I shall lose my self.

Hub. I'll wait upon ye,

And make ye dainty Nose-gays.

Jac. And where will ye stick 'em?

Hub. Here in thy Bosom, and make a Crown of Lillies
For your fair Head.

Jac. And will ye love me, deed-law?

Hub. With all my heart.

Jac. Call me to morrow, then,

And we'll have brave Chear, and go to Church together:

Give you good ev'n Sir.

Hub. But one word fair *Minche*.

Jac.

Jac. I must go a Milking.

Hub. Ye shall presently.

Did you never hear of a young Maid called *Jaculine*?

Ja. I am discovered: Hark in your Ear, I'll tell ye;
You must not know me: Kiss, and be constant ever.

Hub. Heaven curse me else, 'tis she, and now I am certain
They are all here: Now for my other Project. — *Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Florez, 4 Merchants, Higgen, and Prig.
with Bags of Money.

1 Mer. Nay, if it would do you Courtesy.

Flo. None at all, Sir;

Take it, 'tis yours: There's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills: Your sixteen.

3 Mer. Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further Use.

Flo. No.

3 Mer. What I have, Sir,
You may command, pray let me be your Servant.

Flo. Put Your Hatts on: I care not for your Courtesies,
They are most untimely done, and no Truth in 'em.

2 Mer. I have a Frought of Pepper.

Flo. Rot your Pepper,

Shall I trust you again? There's your seven Thousand.

Mer. Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but sending:

Flo. No, I can send to *Barbary*, those People
That never yet knew Faith, have nobler Freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* these: Bring back my Jewels.

Enter Saylor.

Saylor. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Susan* is return'd.

Flo. Well?

Say. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in.

Flo. Heaven thou hast heard my Prayers.

Say. The brave *Rebecca* too: Bound from the Straights,

50 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

With the next Tide is ready to put after.

Flo. What News o'th' Fly-boat?

Say. If this Wind hold till Midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, scap'd fairly.

Flo. How, pre'thee, *Saylor*?

Say. Thus, Sir, she had fight
Seven Hours together, with six *Turkish Gallies*;
And she fought bravely; But at length was boarded;
And over-lay'd with strength, when presently
Comes boring up the Wind Captain *Van-noke*,
The valiant Gentleman, you redeem'd from Prison;
He knew the Boat, set in: And fought it bravely:
Bear all the Gallies off; sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a Service to ye, sent her home, Sir.

Flo. An honest noble Captain, and a thankful;
That's for thy News: Go drink the Merchants health, *Saylor*.

Say. I thank your Bounty, and I'll do it to a Doyt, Sir,
Exit. Saylor.

1. *Mer.* What Miracles are pow'r'd upon this Fellow?

Flo. This year, I hope my Friends, I shall scape Prison,
For all your Cares to catch me.

2. *Mer.* You may please, Sir,

To think of your poor Servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, Goods, Monies, are at your service.

Flo. I thank you,
When I have need of you I shall forget you:
You are paid, I hope.

All. We joy in your good Fortunes.

Enter Van-dunck.

Van-d. Come, Sir, come take your Ease, you must go home
With me, yonder is one Weeps and howls.

Flo. Alas, how does she?

Van-d. She will be better soon, I hope.

Flo. Why soon, Sir?

Van-d. Why, when you have her in your Arms, this Night,
My Boy, she is thy Wife.

Flo. With all my heart, I take her.

Van-d. We have prepar'd, all thy Friends will be there,
And all my Rooms shall smoak to see the Revel
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my Service
Wait on the Knave, her Uncle, I have heard all,

All

BEGGARS BUSH.

51

All his Baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her ;
Hast thou dispatch'd thy Business ?

Flo. Most.

Van-d. By the Mass, Boy,
Thou tumblest now in Wealth, and I Joy in it,
Thou art the best Boy that *Bruges* ever nourish'd
Thou hast been sad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy Mistress.
Shee'll hug thee, Sirrah,

Flo. I long to see it.

I had forgot you ; there's for you, my Friends :
You had but heavy burthens, commend my Love
Ty best Love, all the Love I have
To honest *Clause*, shortly I will thank him better. *Exit.*

Hig. By the Mass, a Royal Merchant,
Gold by the handful, here will be sport, soon *Prig.*

Prig. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a Trice.

Hig. And I Boy,

Away a pace, we are look'd for.

Prig. Oh, these bak'd Meats,
Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy Mouth Waters.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Enter Hubert, with Hemskirck bound.

Hub. I must not.

Hem. Why, 'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

Hem. Gentle Huntsman,

Though thou hast kept me hard ; though in thy Duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast used me stubbornly ;
I can forgive thee freely.

Hub. You the Earl's Servant ?

Hem. I swear I am near as his own Thoughts to him,
Able to do thee—

Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.

Hem. If thou dar'st but try.

Hub. I thank ye heartily, you will be
The first Man that will hang me, a sweet Recompence,

52 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

I could do, but I do not say I will,
To any honest fellow that would think on't:
And be a Benefactor.

Hem. If it be not recompenc'd, and to thy own desires,
If within these Ten Days I do not make thee

Hub. What, a false Knave?

Hem. Prethee, prethee, conceive me rightly, any thing
Of Profit, or of Place, that may advance thee.

Hub. Why, what a Gooscap would'st thou make me,
Do not I know that Men in Misery will promise
Any thing, more than their Lives can reach at?

Hem. Believe me, Huntsman,
There shall not one short Sillable,
That comes from me, pass
Without its full Performance.

Hub. Say you so, Sir?
Have ye e're a good place for my Quality?

Hem. A thousand Chases, Forrests, Parks: I'll make thee
Chief Ranger over all the Games.

Hub. When?

Hem. Presently.

Hub. This may provoke me: And yet to prove a knave too.

Hem. 'Tis to prove honest: 'tis to do good Service,
Service for him, thou art sworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy self that good; what Fool would live here,
Poor, and in Misery, subject to all Dangers,
Law and lewd People can inflict, when bravely
And to himself he may be Law, and Credit?

Hub. Shall I believe thee?

Hem. As that thou hold'st most holy;

Hub. Ye may play Tricks.

Hem. Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a Service
That shall deserve indeed.

Hem. 'Tis well said, Huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of. (meer nothing,

Hub. I will do it: 'Tis not your letting free, for that's
But such a Service, if the Earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.

Hem. What is't Huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these People live here?

Hem. No.

Hub.

Hub. You are a Fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,
I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.

Hem. Any of the old Lords that rebell'd?

Hub. Peace, All,
I know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.

Hem. But wilt thou do this Service?

Hub. If you'll keep
Your Faith, and free Word to me.

Hem. Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye: More than that too,
Here's the right Heir.

Hem. O honest, honest, Hunts-man!

Hub. Now, how to get these Gallants, there's the matter:
You will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.

Hem. Will the Sun shine agen?

Hub. The way to get 'em.

Hem. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub. No sleight;

(For they are Devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)

Nor reconciliation, (for they dare not trust neither:)

Must do this trick.

Hem. By force?

Hub. I, that must do it.

And with the Person of the Earl himself,

Authority (and mighty) must come on 'em:

Or else in vain; and thus I would have ye do it.

To Morrow Night be here; a hundred Men will bear 'em,

(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant)

And with his terrour will strike dead their Forces,

The Hour be Twelve a-Clock: Now for a Guide,

To draw ye without danger on these Persons,

The Woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self

With some few with me, made unto our purpose,

Beyond the Wood, upon the Plain, will wait ye

By the great Oak.

Hem. I know it; keep thy faith, Hunts-man,

And such a Show of Wealth —

Hub. I warrant ye:

Miss nothing that I tell ye.

Hem. No.

Hub. Farewel;

You have your Liberty, now use it wisely;

54 The Royal MERCHANT: Or,

And keep your hour; go closer about the Wood, there,
For fear they Spy you.

Hem. Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with ye.

Hem. All shall be done to th' purpose; farewell Huntsman
(Exit)

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prig, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the News in Town?

Ginks. No News, but joy, Sir;

Every Man wooing of the Noble Merchant,

Who has his hearty Commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes, this is News, this night he's to be married.

Ginks. By th' Mass that's true, he marry's Vandunck's
The dainty Black-eyed Bell on air; Daughter,

Hig. I would my Clapper
Hung in his baldrick, what a peal could I ring?

Ger. Married?

Gin. 'Tis very true, Sir; o Pyes,

The Piping-hot Mince Pyes.

Prig. O, the Plum-porridge. (Boys.)

Hig. For one leg of a Goose now would I venture a limb,

I love a fat Goose as I love Allegiance,

And—— upon the Boors, too well they know it,

And therefore starve their Poultry.

Ger. To be Married

To Vandunck's Daughter.

Hig. O, this pretious Merchant;

What sport he will have. But hark ye, Brother Prig,

Shall we do nothing in the fore-said Wedding?

There's Money to be got and Mear, I take it,

What think you of a Morris?

Prig. No, by no means,

That goes no further then the Street, there leaves us,

Now we must think of something that must draw us

Into the Bowels of it, into th' Buttery,

Into the Kitchen, into the Cellar, something

That the old Drunken Burgo-master loves,

What think you of a Wasse?

Hig. I think worthily.

Prig. And very fit it should be, thou, and Ferret,

And Ginks to sing the Song; I for the structure,

Which is the Bowl.

Hig.

Hig. VVhich must be up-sey *English*,
Strong, lusty, *London-Beer*; lets think more of it
Ger. He must not Marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
One word, Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*, do not start me,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be *Gerrard*,
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no show, then;
I am glad to see you, Sir; and I am *Gerrard*.
How stand Affairs?

Hub. Fair, if you dare now follow
Hemskirck I have let go, and these my Causes,
Ile tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honest to my Friends,
Look upon these Directions; you have seen his.

Hig. Then will I speak a Speech, and a brave Speech,
In Praise of Merchants, where's the Ape.

Prig. ——— Take him,
A gowty Bear-ward stole him the other day.

Hig. May his Bears worry him, that Ape had paid it,
VVhat dainty tricks? ——— o' that whorson Bear-ward;
In his French Doublet, with his baster'd Bullions,
In a long stock ty'd up; O, how daintily
VVould I have made him wait, and change a Trencher,
Carry a Cup of VVine: Ten Thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy Soul, thou lowzy Bear-ward.

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready; keep you here the mean while,
And keep this in, I must a while forsake ye,
Upon mine Anger no Man stir, this two hours.

Hig. Not to the Wedding, Sir?

Ger. Not any whither?

Hig. The Wedding must be seen, Sir; we want Meat too,
We be monstrous out of Meat.

Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak'd their Tails at'sin Defiance
And Turkey Topmbs such honourable Monuments,
Shall Piggs, Sir, that the Parlon's self would envy,
And dainty Ducks?

Ger.

Ger. Not a word more, obey me. (Exit Ger.)

Hig. Why then, come doleful death, this is flat Tyranny
And by this Hand——

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go sleep upon't.

Exit Hig.

Prig. Nay, and there be a Wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happier Days, we do obey, Sir. (Exit.)

Scene III.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 Mer. Well met, Sir; you are for this lusty VWedding.

2 Mer. I am so, so are you, I take it.

1 Mer. Yes,

And it much glads me, that to do him Service,

VWho is the honour of our Trade, and Luster,

VVe meet thus happily.

2 Mer. He's a noble Fellow,

And well becomes a Bride of such a Beauty.

1 Mer. She is passing fair, indeed, long may their loves

Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness.

All the young Merchants will be here,

No doubt on't,

For he that comes not to attend this VWedding,

The curse of of a most blind one fall upon him.

A loud VVife, and a lazy: Here's Vanlack.

Enter Vanlack and Francis.

Vanl. VVell overtaken, Gentlemen; save ye.

1 Mer. The same to you, Sir; save ye, fair Mistris Francis,
I would this happy Night might make you blush too.

Vanl. She dreams a pace,

Fran. That's but a drowsie Fortune.

3 Mer. Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that end,
I am sure ye are for the VWedding.

Vanl. Hand and Heart, Man:

And what their Feet can do, I could have tript it
Before this whorson Gout.

Enter

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless ye, Masters, (thy Master,
Vanl. Clause? How now, *Clause*; thou art come to see
(And a good Master he is to all poor People)
In all his joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.

Ger. Long may he live, Sir; but my business now is,
If you would please to do it, and to him too.

Enter Florez.

Vanl. He's here himself.

Flo. Stand at the Door, my Friends?
I pray walk in; welcome fair Mistress *Francis*,
See what the House affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcome.

Vanl. We joy your Happiness.

Exit.

Flo. I hope it will be so; *Clause* nobly welcom,
My honest, my best Friend, I have been careful
To see thy Monies——

Ger. Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring again?

Flo. Thou had'st it of me.

Ger. And do you well remember yet, the Boon you gave
Upon return of this?

Flo. Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will; ask what thou can'st, I'll do it;
Within my Power,

Ger. Ye are not marry'd yet.

Flo. No.

Ger. Faith, I shall ask you that that will disturb ye,
But I must put ye to your promise.

Flo. Do,

And if I faint and flinch in't——

Ger. Well said, Master,

And yet it grieves me too; and yet it must be.

Flo. Prethee, distrust me not.

Ger. You must not Marry,
That's part of the Power you gave me; which, to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.

Flo. Not Marry, *Clause*?

Ger. Not if you keep your Promise,
And give me power to ask.

Flo. Pre'thee think better,

58 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

I will Obey, by Heaven.

Ger. I have thought the best, Sir.

Flo. Give me thy reason, do'st thou fear her honesty?

Ger. Chast as the Ice, for any thing I know, Sir.

Flo. Why should'st thou light on that then? To what

Ger. I must not now discover. (purpose)

Flo. Must not marry?

Shall I break now when my poor Heart is Pawn'd?

When all the Preparation?

Ger. Now or never. (fright me)

Flo. Come, 'tis not that thou would'st; thou dost but

Ger. Upon my Soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.

Flo. *Clause*, can'st thou be so cruel?

Ger. You may break, Sir,

But never more in my Thoughts appear honest.

Flo. Did'st ever see her?

Ger. No.

Flo. She is such a thing,

○ *Clause*, she is such a Wonder, such a Mirror,

For Beauty, and fair virtue, *Europe* has not:

Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?

But look upon her, then if thy Heart relent not,

File quit her presently; Who waits there?

Ser. within. Sir.

Flo. Bid my fair Love come hither, and the Company
Pre'the be good unto me; take a Man's Heart,
And look upon her truly; take a Friend's Heart,
And feel what Misery must follow this.

Ger. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise:
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Bertha, Van-donck, and the other Merchants.
Can that thing call'd a Woman, stop your goodness?

Flo. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now:
Did'st ever see a fairer?

Ger. She is most goodly.

Flo. Pray ye stand still.

Ber. What ailes my love?

Flo. Did'st thou ever,

By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?

○ that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him,

Look well, look narrowly upon her Beauties: (so)

1 *Mer.* Sure h'as some strange design in Hand, he starts

2 *Mer.*

Mer. This Beggar has a strong power over his pleasure.

Flo. View all her Body.

Ger. 'Tis exact and excellent.

Flo. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?

Her Mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,

And but to hear her speak, a Paradise,

And such a Love she bares to me, a chaste Love,

A vertuous, fair, and fruitful Love: 'Tis now too

I am ready to enjoy it; the Priest ready: *Clause,*

To say the holy words shall make us happy,

This is a Cruelty beyond Man's Study,

All these are ready, all our Joys are ready,

And all the expectation of our Friends,

'Twill be her Death to do it.

Ger. Let her dye then.

Flo. Thou canst not: 'Tis impossible.

Ger. It must be.

Flo. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me: By heaven, *Clause,*

I'll give thee half I have; come, thou shalt save me.

Ger. Then you must go with me: I can stay no longer
If ye be true, and noble.

Flo. Hard Heart; I'll follow:

Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry,

I have a weighty Business, give my Cloak there.

Enter Servant (with a Cloak.)

Concerns my Life, and 'state; make no enquiry,

This present Hour befall me: With the soonest

I shall be here again: Nay, pray go in, Sir,

And take them with you, 'tis but a Night lost, Gentlemen.

Van. Come, come in, we will not lose our Meat yet,

Nor our good Mirth, he cannot stay long from her,

I am sure of that.

Flo. I will not stay; believe, Sir.

Exit.

Gertrude, a Word with you;

Ber. Why is this stop, Sir?

Flo. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this, I am ever thine: Farewell Wench. *Exit.*

Be. And is that all your Ceremony? Is this a Wedding?
Are all my Hopes and Prayers turn'd to nothing?

Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow; oh me,
Till to thy Face I prove thee false.

Exit.

ACT V. Scene I.

Enter Bertha, and a Boore.

(make

Ber. Lead, if thou thinkst we are right: Why dost thou
These often stands: thou saidst thou knewst the way.

Boo. Fear nothing, I do know it: Would 'twere homeward.

Ber. Wrought from me, by a Beggar? at the time
That most should tye him? 'Tis some other Love
That hath a more Command on his Affections,
And he that fetcht him, a disguised Agent,
Not what he personated; for his Fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more powerful
Then one that ask an Alms: I must find out
One, if not both: Kind Darkness be my Shroud
And cover Loves too curious search in me,
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee.

Boo. Mistriss, it grows some-what pretty and dark.

Ber. What then?

Boo. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
Although, perhaps, you are.

Ber. I am not, forward.

Boo. Sure, but you are: Give me your hand, fear nothing.
There's one Leg in the Wood, do not pull backward:
What a sweat one on's are in, you or I?

Pray God it do not prove the Plague; yet sure
It has infected me; for I sweat too,
It runs out at my Knees, feel, feel, I pray you.

Ber. What ails the Fellow?

Boo. Hark, hark, I beseech you,
Do you hear nothing?

Ber. No.

Boo. Ly't; a wild Hog,

He grunts; now 'tis a Bear; this Wood is full of 'em,
And now, a VVolf, Mistriss, a VVolf, a VVolf,
It is the howling of a VVolf.

Ber. The Braying of an Ass, is it not?

Boo. Oh, now one has me;
Oh, my left Ham, farewell.

Ber.

Ber. Look to your Shanks,
Your breech is safe enough, the VVoolf's a Fern-brake.

Boor. But see, see, see. There's a Serpent in it,
It has Eyes as broad as Platters; it spits fire;
Now it creeps towards us, help me to say my Prayers:
It hath swallow'd me almost, my Breath is stop't,
I cannot speak; do I speak, Mistress? Tell me.

Ber. VVhy, thou timorous Sor, canst thou perceive
Any thing in the Bush, but a poor Glo-worm?

Boor. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake presently.

Ber. Come thou from it:
I have a pretious Guide of you; and a Courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.

Boor. It thunders, you hear that, now.

Ber. I hear one hollow.

Boor. 'Tis thunder, thunder:
See a flash of Lightning:
Are you not blasted, Mistress? Pull your Mask off,
It has plaid the Barber with me here; I have lost
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not Shaven,
'Twill spoil your Marriage, Mistress.

Ber. What strange VVonders,
Fear fancies in a Coward?

Boor. Now, the Earth opens.

Ber. Prethee hold thy Peace.

Boor. VVill you on then?

Ber. Both love and jealousy have made me bold,
VVhere my Fate leads me, I must go.

Boor. God be with you, then.

Enter VVoolfort, Hemskirck, and Attendants.

Hem. It was the fellow, sure, he that should Guide me,
The Huntf-man that did hollow us.

Woolf. Best make a stand
And listen to his next; ha!

Hem. VVho goes there?

Boor. Mistress, I am taken.

Hem. Mistress! look forth, Soldiers.

Woolf. VVhat are you, Sirrah?

Boor. Truly, all is left
Of a poor Boor, by Day-light, by Night no body,

You

You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and Pikes too,
For I am none that will stand out, I.

You may take me in with a walking Stick

Even when you please, and hold me with a pack-thread.

Hem. What VVoman was 't you call'd to?

Boor. VVoman? None, Sir.

Woolf. None? Did you not name Mistriss?

Boor. Yes, but she's

No VVoman yet! she should have been this Night.

But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,

VVhom we were going to make Hue and Cry after;

I tell you true, Sir, she should ha' bin married to day,

And was the Bride, and all; but in came *Claufe*,

The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goswin*,

Under his Arm; away with him as a Kite,

Or an old Fox, would swoop away a Gosling.

Hems. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she, Niece?

Ber. Ha?

Hem. She, Sir,

This was a noble entrance to your Fortune,

That being on the point thus to be married:

Upon her venture here: You should surprise her.

Woolf. I begin *Hemskirck*, to believe my Fate,
Works to my Ends.

Hem. Yes, Sir, and this adds Trust,

'Unto the Fellow, our Guide, who assur'd me *Floris*,

Liv'd in some Merchants Shop, as *Gerrard* did:

I the old Beggars, and that he would use

Him for the Train, to call the other forth,

All which we find is done——That's he again——*(again. Holla)*

Woolf. Good, we sent out to meet him.

Hems. Here's the Oak.

Ber. Oh, I am miserably lost, thus faln
Into my Uncle's Hands, from all my hopes:

No matter now, where you be false or no,

Goswin, whether thou love an other better;

Or me alone; or where thou keep thy Vow,

And Word, or that thou come, or stay: For I

To thee from henceforth, must be ever absent;

And thou to me: No more shall we come near,

To

BEGGARS BUSH.

63

To tell our selves, how bright each other Eyes were,
How soft our Language, and how sweet our Kisses,
Whil'st we made one our Food, th' other our Feast,
Not mix our Souls by sighs, or by a Letter
Hereafter, but as small Relation have,
As two new gon to inhabit a Grave:
Can I not think away my self and dye?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap, Gincks, like Boores.

Hub. I like your Habits well: They are safe, stand close.

Hig. But what's the Action we are for now? Ha?
Robbing a Ripper of his Fish?

Prig. Or taking,

A Poulterer Prisoner, without Ransom, Bullies?

Hig. Or cutting off a Convoy of Butter?

Fer. Or surprising a Boores Ken, for granting Cheats?

Prig. Or cackling Cheats?

Hig. Or Margery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o'th the Buttry?

Prig. O' I could drive a Regiment
Of Geese afore me, such a Night as this
Ten Leagues with my Hat, and Staff, and not a hiss
Heard, Or a Wing of my Troops disorder'd.

Hig. Tell us,
If it be milling of a Lag of Duds,
The fetching of a back of Clothes, or so;
We are horribly out of Linnen.

Hub. No such matter.

Hig. Let me alone for any Farmer's Dog,
If you have a mind to the Cheese-lost: 'Tis but thus:
And he is a silenc'd Mastiff, during pleasure.

Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.

Hig. Mum.

Woolf. Who's there?

Hub. A Friend, the Huntsman.

Hems. O, 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept rough, Sir, which is the Earl of these:
Will ye know a Man, now?

Hems. This my Lord's, the Friend
Hath undertook the Service.

Hub. If it be worth
His Lordship's thanks, anon, when 'tis done.

Lord

64 The Royal MERCHANT: Or,

Lording, I'll look for't, a Rude Woodman,
I know how to pitch my Toyls, drive in my Game:
And I have don't, both Floriz and his Father
Old Gerrard, with Lord Arnold of Benbuisen,
Cozen and Jaqueline, young Floriz's Sister;
I have 'em all.

Woolf. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.

Woolf. VVe will double,
What ever Hemskirck then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble; VVhat Horse ha' you?

Woolf. A hundred.

Hub. That's well; ready to take
Upon surprize of 'em.

Hems. Yes.

Hub. Divide, then,

Your force into five Squadrons; for there are

So many Out-lets, VVays thorough the VVood,

Thar Issue from the place where they are lodg'd;

Five several ways, of all which passages

VVe must possess our selves, to round 'em in,

For by one starting-hole, they'll all escape else;

I and 4 Boors here, to me will be Guides,

The Squadron where you are, my self will lead:

And that they may be more secure, I'll use

My wonted VVhoops, and Hollows, as I were

A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest

Careless of any Noise, and be a Direction

To the other Guides, how we approach 'em still.

Woolf. 'Tis ordered well, and relisheth the Soldier,

Make the division, Hemskirck; you are my charge

Fair one, I'll look to you.

Boo. Shall no body need,

To look to me? I'll look to my self.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say 'tis done, Boy.

Exeunt.

Scene

Scene II.

Enter Gerrard and Floriz.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your Marriage, for though I
Should, as a subject, study you, my Prince,
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you, to acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my necessary Counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir, I do, (*kneeling.*)
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other Sins, sink me, and suddenly
When I forget to pay you a Son's Duty
In my Obedience, and that help'd forth,
With all the chearfulness.

Ger. I pray you rise,
And may those Powers that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your Example
Having receiv'd the Rights due to a Father,
I tender you th' Allegance of a Subject: (*kneeling.*)
Which, as my Prince, accept of.

Flo. Kneel to me?
May Mountains first fall down beneath their Vallies,
And Fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in Nature so preposterous;
I must o'come in this, in all things else
The Victory be yours; could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours;
I am your Son, your Son, Sir, and am prouder
To be so, to the Father to such goodness
(Which Heaven be pleas'd, I may Inherit from you)
Then I shall ever of those specious Titles
That plead for my succession in the Earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my Mother.

Ger. I do believe it; but——

Flo. O my lov'd Father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,

Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
 Not as a Stranger's; and I know not how,
 What you call'd Charity, I thought the Payment
 Of some Religious Debt, nature flood bound for;
 And last of all, when your magnificent bounty
 In my low Ebb of Fortune, had brought in
 A flood of Blessings, tho' my threatening wants
 And fear of their Effects, still kept me stupid,
 I soon found out, it was no common pitty
 That lead you to it,

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
 When we with Joy may call it to Remembrance;
 There will be a time, more opportune than now
 To end your story, with all Circumstances:
 I add this only; when we fled from *Woolfort*,
 I sent you into *England*, and there plac'd you
 With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*,
 A Man supply'd by me unto that purpose,
 As bound by Oath never to discover you,
 Who dying, left his Name and Wealth unto you
 As his reputed Son, and yet received so;
 But now, as *Flores*, and a Prince, remember
 The Countries, and the Subject's general Good
 Must challenge the first part in your Affection:
 The fair Maid, whom you chose to be your Wife,
 Being so far beneath you, that your Love
 Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In Diligent
 Or borrow'd Glories, from dead Ancestors,
 But for her Beauty, Chastity, and all Vertues
 Ever remembred in the best of Women,
 A Monarch might receive from her, not give.
 Tho' she were his Crowns purchase; In this only
 Be an Indulgent Father; in all else,
 Use my Authority.

Enter Hubert, Hemskirck, Woolfort, Bertha, and Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em
 The Father and the Son, the rest you shall have
 As fast as I can rouze 'em.

Ger. VVho's this *Woolfort*?

Wool-

Wool. I Cripple, your fained Crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise that hath so long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting; I must here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchants Habit, one called *Florez*,
Who would be an Earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a Subject.

Flo. Is this that Traitor *Woolfort*?

Woolf. Yes, but you

Are they that are betray'd, *Hemskirck*;

Ber. My *Goswin*

Turn'd Prince? ô, I am poorer by this Greatness,
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

Flo. *Gertrud*!

Woolf. Stay, Sir, you were to day too near her,
You must no more aim at those easy Accesses,
Lest you can do't in air, without a Head,
Which shall be suddenly tried.

Ber. O take my Heart, first,
And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad Ransom.

Woolf. You know not your own value, that entreat—

Ger. So proud a Fiend as *Woolfort*.

Woolf. For so lost

A thing as *Florez*.

Flo. And that would be so
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no death, but's sweeter than all Life,
When *Woolfort* is to give it: O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Prince-dom that I go from,
It is—from Thee, that loss includeth all.

Wool. I, if my young Prince knew his loss, he would say so,
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.
This is not *Gertrude*, nor no *Hemskirck's* Niece,
Nor *Vandunck's* Daughter, this is *Bertha*, *Bertha*,
The Heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the War,
Whom I did steal, during my Treaty there,
For your Minority, to raise my self;
I then fore-seeing 'twould beget a Quarrel,
That, a necessity of my Employment,
The same Employment make me Master of strength,
That strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*,

68 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

By Marrying her ; which had not been to do, Sir,
She come of Years, but that the Expectation
First of her Father's Death, retarded it,
And since the standing out of *Bruges*, where
Hemskirck had hid her, till she was neer lost :
But, Sir, we have recover'd her ; your Merchant-Ship
May break, for this was one of your best bottoms,
I think.

Ger. Insolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jaculine, Gynks and Costin.

Woolf. Who are these, *Hemskirck*?

Hem. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they Triumph in their Treachery?

Hem. Lord *Arnold* of *Bentbusin*, this Lord *Costin*,
This *Jacqueline* the Sister unto *Flores*. (royal,

Woolf. All found? why here's brave game, this was sport-
And puts me in mind of a new kind of Death for 'em.
Hunt-man, your Horn; first wind me *Flores* fall,
Next *Gerrard's*, then his Daughter *Jacquelin's*,
Those Rascals, they shall dye without their Rights:
Hang 'em *Hemskirck* on these Trees; I'll take
The assay of these my self.

Hub. Not here, my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up, upon a Scaffold,
'Twill shew the better when their Arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content, thou hast betray'd us,
But mock us too?

Gynks. False *Hubert*, this is monstrous.

Woolf. *Hubert*?

Hem. Who, this?

Ger. Yes, this is *Hubert*, *Woolfort*,
I hope he has helpt himself to a Tree.

Woolf. The first,
The first of any, and most glad I have you, Sir,
I let you go before, but for a Train;
Is't you have done this Service?

Hub. As your Hunt-man,
But now as *Hubert*; save your selves, I will,
The *Woolf's* a foot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter

Enter with a Drum, Van-dunck, Merchants, Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap.

Woolf. Betray'd?

Hub. No, but well catch'd: And I the Huntsman.

Van-d. How do you *Woolf*? Rascal, good Knave *Wool*:
I speak it now without the Rose; and *Hemskirck*,
Rogue *Hemskirck*, you that have no Neice, this Lady
Was stolen by you, and tane by you, and now
Resign'd by me, to the right Owner here:

Take her my Prince.

Flo. Can this be possible,
Welcom my Love, my Sweet, my worthy Love. (and thank

Van-d. I ha' giv'n you her twice: Now keep her botter,
Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrard's* Name.
And got me out, with my brave Boys, to march
Like *Cæsar*, when he bred his Commentaries,
So I, to end my Chronicle, came forth.

Cæsar Van-dunck, *Et veni, vidi, vici*,
Give me my Bottle, and set down the Drum;
You had your Tricks, Sir, had you? We ha' Tricks too.
You stole the Lady?

Hig. And we led your Squadrons
Where they ha' scratch'd their Legs a little, with Brambles,
If not their Faces.

Prig. Yes, and run their Heads
Against Trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prig*, Sir.

Prig. And Colonel *Higgen*.

Hig. We have fill'd a Pit with your People, some with Legs,
Some with Arms broken, and a Neck, or two
I think be loose.

Prig. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o' the Briars,

Hig. And your Horses, Sir,
Are well set up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You look as you were not well, Sir, and would be
Shortly Lett Blood; do you want a Scarf?

Van-d. A Halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest and noble *Hubert*:
Can'st thou behold these Mirrors altogether,

70 *The Royal MERCHANT: Or,*

Of thy long, false, and bloody Usurpation?
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh Treason:
And not so see thy self, as to fall down
And sinking, force a Grave, with thine own Guilt,
As deep as Hell, to cover thee and it.

Woolf. No, I can stand: And praise the Toils that took me,
And laughing in them Dye: They were brave Snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer Valour, if thou durst repent
The Wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Woolf. Who, I repent?
And say, I am sorry? Yes, 'tis the Fool's Language,
And not for *Woolfort*.

Van-d. *Woolfort*, thou art a Divil,
And speaks his Language; oh, that I had my longing
Under this Row of Trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No, let him live, until he can repent,
But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom. (*skirck*)

Van-d. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this Hem-
For profit of th' Example.

Flo. No, let him,
Enjoy his Shame too: With his conscious Life,
To shew how much our Innocence contemns,
All practice from the Guiltiest, to molest us.

Van-d. A noble Prince,

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of Hands, as they have done their Hearts here,
And to their Loves with joy,

Flo. As to mine own,
My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother:

Van. I'll go afore, and have the Bonfires made;
My Fire-works, and Flap-dragons, and good Backrack,
With a peck of little Fishes, to drink down
In healths to this Day

Hig. 'Slight here be Changes,
The Bells ha' not so many, nor a Dance, *Prig.*

Prig. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it,
What think you *Ferret*?

Fer. Marry I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we could stand for't.

Hig. Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another Climate.

Ger.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy *Burgomaster* ;
Here be Friends ask to be look'd on too :
And thank'd, who though their Trade, and course of Life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with Curtesy, and bin true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A place I know not well, how to resign,
Nor unto whom : but this I will entreat
Your Grace, command them, follow me to *Bruges* ;
Where I will take the care on me, to find
Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republick.

Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? Do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good Grace.

Prig. To your good Lordship.

Fer. May you both live long. (*all but Beggars.*)

Ger. Attend me at *Van-duncks*, the *Burgomasters*. *Ex.*

Hig. Yes, to beat Hemp, and be whipt twice a Week.
Or turn the Wheel, for Crab the Rope-maker :
Or learn to go along with him, his course ;
That's a fine course now, i' the Common-wealth, *Prig.*
What say you to 't?

Prig. It is the backwardst course,
I know i' the World.

Hig. Then *Higgen* will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?

Prig. Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth, I am partly of your mind, *Prince Prig* ;
And therefore farewell *Flanders*, *Higgen* will seek
Some safer shelter, in some other Clymate :
With this his tatter'd Colony : Let me see
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prig*, and *Higgen*, all are left
O the true Blood : What? Shall we into *England*?

Prig. Agreed,

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute my Lads,
Higgen hath prig'd the Prancers in his Days,
And sold good penny-worths ; we will have a course,
The Spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomless.

Prig. I'le mand no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your Sixpennyworth
In private, Brother, sixpence is a Sum,

I'll steal you any Man's Dog for

Prig. For Six-pence more,
You'll tell the Owner where he is.

Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so much *Prig* to Eat;
And write the Letter; and gi' the word, But now
No more, as either of these.

Prig. But as true Beggars,
As ere we were.

Hig. VVe stand here for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your Bounties first; the rest will follow,
For Womens Favours, are a leading Alms,
If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your Eyes
Out at your Masks.

Prig. And let your Beauties sparkle.

Hig. So may you ne'er want Dressings, Jewel, Gowns
Still i the fashion.

Prig. Nor the Men you love.
VV'ealth, nor Discourse to please you.

Hig. May you Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh Suits nor Liberty.

Prig. May every Merchant here see safe his Ventures.

Hig. And every honest Citizen, his Debts in.

Prig. The Lawyers, Gain good Clients.

Hig. And the Clients, good Councel.

Prig. All the Gamesters here good fortune.

Hig. The Drunkards too, good Wine.

Prig. The Eaters Meat
Fit for their Tasts and Pallats.

Hig. The good Wives, kind Husbands.

Prig. The young Maids choice of Sutors.

Hig. The Midwives merry Hearts.

Prig. And all good Cheer.

Hig. As you are kind unto us, and our Bush,
VV'e are the Beggars, and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your Money, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace; give that, and then
VV'eel boldly say our word is, Come agen.

FINIS.